Carmina Burana

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Carmina Burana

by orphan_account, whiskeyandspite

Summary

Will's heart pounds like a train over old rails, unending and unrelenting and he can't slow it down if he tries. And he's tried, with calming breaths and a casual stance. Nothing about his entire demeanor shows any sign of his internal struggle. To contain all this, to allow this to be just another simple visit to the opera.

Christ's sake, he's been to many.

But this… the sound, the indescribable tension, resolution, volume of the entire performance fills his to the brim and bleeds out over.

Level Three Pornado! Take cover! Will and Hannibal both suffer the after effects of Carl Orff's masterpiece, and renegotiate - just a little - the relationship.

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But this… the sound, the indescribable tension, resolution, volume of the entire performance fills his to the brim and bleeds out over.

Beside him, Hannibal appears similarly unfazed, and Will has to wonder if perhaps his heart beats just as quickly.

They make idle conversation with other opera-goers, more accurately Hannibal does, and Will stands, beautiful and untouchable, at his side, enjoying the wine in his glass.

His head spins from it, a third glass on an empty stomach. A pleasant floating sensation as his heart pumps it to the tips of his fingers, in a soft slush down his neck.

Hannibal's eyes are darker than usual, dangerous and unrevealing, and suddenly, Will is certain that same feeling is in him, that same deep pounding of being alive that the music had woken in him. The same thrumming chord of desperation.

In a lull, when Orff appears and Hannibal has shed himself of their conversation, his eyes sweep over the figure of Will in his suit, dove grey with a white scarf at his neck, immaculate from head to toe, hair swept back, and there something wakes in his eyes that Will hasn't yet seen.

Impatience.

It is a thrill, terrifying and alluring at the same time, as overwhelming as the music itself had been, surging out of throats and into the hearts of those receiving like a parody of sexual congress itself. Hannibal closes his hand at Will's elbow, gentle, but with just enough pressure to communicate his meaning.

They set their glasses aside, and step out into the warm June evening, pace brisk. Overhead, the night crowds close with clouds instead of stars, and Hannibal hails a taxi.

In the back of it, while lights pass and the driver stairs ahead, Hannibal's warm palm dares to span the inner expanse of Will's thigh, to travel up it in a slow slide over the fabric, until he can cup his fingers at Will's groin and feel him ready there, responding nearly instantly to the warmth and energy of Hannibal.

He does not dare more, not here.

Will pretends to ignore him, eyes out the window into the night, seemingly unperturbed at all with the contact. He waits for Hannibal to start to pull away, and shifts, adjusts his position to

spread his knees wide behind the passenger seat of the car, so slide just a little further in his seat.

With a quiet hum, the hand withdraws, and Will sets his elbow against the door and rests his head against it, grinning at his own reflection in the glass.

The hotel is not far, but the ride seems endless. Will doesn't change his position back until the car comes to a stop at the curb, then he gracefully removes himself from the vehicle and closes the door. He waits for Hannibal to pay, ducks his head to fiddle with the opera scarf that feels delightfully heavy in his hands, smooth. Then he leads the way into the hotel, shoulders straight and carrying himself like the lordling he was born to be.

Something thrilling about being able to lead Hannibal again, knowing the man was following not two paces behind him at most.

Will turns to the elevators, presses the button, stands back, shoulder to shoulder with Hannibal as they wait, and yet neither say anything, even here, and neither look.

The doors close, slow, and they are alone. The elevator shudders to motion, and Will has his eyes on the numbers when Hannibal moves, pins him into the corner regardless of the danger - if there is a stop between here and the floor they are ascending to. He does not seem to care, even as he lifts Will practically off his feet, leaning down into him and pushing his collars aside, pushing the scarf aside with rough fingers to put his mouth on the place the collar would sit.

Will hisses his breath out through his teeth when Hannibal closes his own, and in his mind a tune runs to latin and promises this, promises something harder and more visceral than this, and yet as simple.

He tangles his hands in Hannibal's hair because for once they are not bound by rope or words, and feels the heat of the skin over his skull, feels the damp beneath his collar and digs his nails in as the other does with his teeth. Hannibal pushes him harder into the wall, sliding a knee between his legs, and Will feels that he is just as hard, and finds himself laughing breathless, soundless, against Hannibal's temple.

It's intoxicating, addicting, and Will shifts to press closer to Hannibal, to grind shamelessly down against him as the lift moves higher in the building, slipping the floors by as Will allows his eyes to settle on the numbers.

It's almost a struggle between them, one trying to twist the other to their desires, Will throwing all caution to the wind with how his hands seek to handle Hannibal as the other handles him. It's breathless and hot, and they manage to stay admirably quiet as they ascend, until the bell rings to announce their floor and Will pushes Hannibal back, sets a hand against his chest and smiles, slow and wide.

"No," he says, sets his teeth against the corner of his lip before stepping past Hannibal and out, his hand lingering on his chest until he passes, scarf catching just gently against the door

with static as he walks through.

Hannibal has the key for them, but Will stands by the door as put together as he had stood in front of the elevator downstairs, hands clasped in front of him, a few curls escaped from his immaculate combing to rest against his face.

He looks flushed, younger, but carries himself like a king. He doesn't spare Hannibal a glance as he enters in front of him, and bites his lip on a smile when the door clicks closed.

For once, Hannibal has forgotten there are rules to the game, has allowed himself to be so tempted, so roused by Will, that he dares show attachment. Within, Will draws himself erect, stands commanding, and waits to see what Hannibal dares, wonders if he might manage to turn this into a transaction of its own.

Hannibal stands with one hand extended behind him, taking in the picture of temptation that Will is, and he wants. For once he wants without reserve, without holding himself aloft, and it runs tremors beneath Will's skin to know that he can still have this much captivation for the man, that he can still, for a few moments, hold his eyes and his attention.

Undivided, alert, predatory.

"William," Hannibal says, and his tone is gritty, an animal's voice in desire. "I am fond of that suit. Remove it before it becomes damaged."

Will grins, another slow, growing thing, and keeps his eyes on Hannibal as he slowly slides the scarf from around his neck, lets gravity take it from his shoulders, allows it to pool to the floor. The jacket is next, fingers careful on the buttons, blind, as his eyes still hold the dark ones of the man by the door, and that, at least, is allowed the chair to rest against.

Will takes his time on his shirt, taking a slow step back further into the room for every three he manages to undo before he turns his wrists to get the buttons there as well. He untucks it, sucks in his stomach to make the motion entirely unhindered and peels it away, narrowing his eyes in amusement as he holds it out, casual, over the floor again, no care for when it drops, rumbled, at his feet.

Hannibal advances, takes a step forward for each that Will surrenders, and his are larger, more aggressive. There are still perhaps three steps of space, enough for William to believe he can continue to play the game, between them when Hannibal moves again, drawn in by his own impatience, by Will's teasing.

Now, he no longer has to endure, as he had in the household of Will's father. There are no eyes to see here, no need for secrecy. They already have the exact measure of what the other is, and both are in a rare mood, a lenient mood for how urgent it is, and it tastes cloying and sweet on the tongue as the wine had.

The shove takes Will unexpected, pushing him back, rushing him further into the room while he laughs and lowers his hands to the fastenings of his pants, and when he looks up, Hannibal is undoing the buttons of his own coat, then the waistcoat, and both fall to the floor in uncharacteristic haste.

Hannibal steps forward again when he sees Will looking, and crowds him, until his knees fold over the edge of the bed and he sits, Hannibal kneeling to see to his shoes - the gesture is not kind nor chivalrous. He does not even bother to untie them.

They go quickly, followed by socks, and Will shucks his pants quickly, letting them drop on top of his shoes before pushing himself up the bed, just managing to settle with enough balance before Hannibal follows, and Will yanks against his shirt collar to bring them both into a messy sprawl.

He curls his legs around Hannibal's pulling him tight, close, as one hand keeps him pinned hooked beneath the top two buttons of his shirt, and the other shifts to undoing his pants, fingers fumbling but finding their way easily enough.

They're close enough to share breath, quick, heavy pants against each other before Hannibal makes a sound, a low noise deep in his chest and pushes forward again, dislodging Will's hand from his shirt and finding the other not at all bothered when he winds it, instead, around his neck to grip his hair and pull him in to kiss.

Will arches, rocks his hips up against Hannibal's, against his hand between them, and moans, the sound disappearing into Hannibal's mouth, echoing fainter in the cavern of his chest.

He rolls his hips down in time, and there is no teasing in it, no hesitation, no promise that this will be anything but unrestrained, hard, nearly angry - and Will has to break the kiss to gasp for breath, curling his hand around Hannibal's cock through the confines of his boxers.

The other pulls Will's hair until his throat lays bare and extended, and Hannibal fixes his teeth against it, low, his hair a brush against Will's cheek, before finally he seems to lose the rest of his patience - between the two of them he strips his pants the rest of the way off, though the shirt stays. It hangs open when Hannibal holds himself above Will, trailing down to touch his skin.

His eyes are hungry, dark, they hold in them everything that has been done to Will's body for both their pleasure, and his mouth is open to admit his panting breath.

He shifts then, seizing Will's sides in his hands and trailing down lower, leaving two bites on either side of Will's belly that have him arching, his cock hard, making contact with skin along Hannibal's chest, before the other curls his hand around it and guides it to his mouth, sucking Will down as if he intended to devour him whole.

The sound Will makes is guttural, raw and low and followed by a quiet laugh, his lips pulled up on a smile that's far from happy, something far darker there instead - hungry. He arches again, drags his fingers through Hannibal's hair and holds him, doesn't force or push, though he doesn't relent either, nails digging into the skin there enough to feel but not harm.

His lips part and Will ducks his head, his body shifting in quick frantic motions against the heat around him, so close already, riled up by the music, the atmosphere the freedom he'd been allowed. He takes advantage of it, knows it's unlikely to happen again, for him to be allowed this, to, even for a night, pretend this is an equal relationship.

“Nnn more,” Will drops his head back, arches his neck to bend his back in a bow, a pleasing line Hannibal immediately slides his hands over to keep bent up.

Hannibal lifts his head instead, even against the tight, pulling fingers in his hair, and he shakes free of Will’s grip like an animal loosing it’s coat, one hand staying beneath Will’s back as he lifts himself over the boy again, reaching for the night stand, for the oil tucked into the top drawer.

For once there are no orders, no warnings, no terms. Hannibal is going to give him more, going to take more for himself, and nothing will slow him, no logic or patience. Will shivers with it, the electric feeling seeming to ride just beneath his skin, to the very sockets of his teeth.

“What do you want,” Hannibal demands, with his fingers slick and already seeking entrance. He holds himself over Will’s arched body, eyes down on Will’s in challenge. “How much more?”

Will swallows, keeps one hand curled in the sheets, the other against Hannibal’s shoulder now that it’s been dislodged, but his smile far from falters.

“I can demand?” he asks, tone slipping so seamlessly back to the one he’d used once, often, on Hannibal, in dark offices and empty rooms, commanding and low.

“Can I threaten?” he purrs, breath hitching as Hannibal presses a finger into him, just enough to slick him before pressing in another. Will pushes down against it, tips his head further back and licks his lips.

“I want to spend all night teaching you that you have to work to stretch my limits,” he says, groaning as Hannibal’s fingers seek further, deeper, tease just around where Will wants them most. His nails dig into Hannibal’s shoulder.

“And all day tomorrow living up to your new expectations.”

A moan, easily won and filled with deep appreciation had Will’s spreading legs further, his knees drawing up.

“I want you to tear me the fuck apart.”

Hannibal shifts up then, withdrawing his fingers to slick himself, too. He arches his back into a companion curve for Will’s and pins one of his knees where it has spread for him with a hand, settles the other against Will’s hip and leans in for his ear.

His teeth close on the lobe, once, sharp with the indication of his incisors, and then his voice follows the warning.

“Done.”

He lets Will feel every inch of the stretch, though it leaves him gasping too, leaving hot breaths against Will’s neck that threaten to brand his very skin, his grip hard on the underside of Will’s knee, at the apex of his opposite hip. He uses the contact as leverage, pulling Will to

him as much as he thrusts, and when he finds resistance, he rocks into it, slow but insistent, to claim the last span of inches with small thrusts instead of one long slide.

This does not promise to take long, and Hannibal transfers his grip to Will's cock as he begins to move, shallow, hard thrusts. He holds his thumb against the base of Will's cock in a firm pressure, enough to stave him from orgasm for a little while longer, enough to let him ride the edge and feel it coming.

Another long, low, sound, and Will shivers, trembles with the sensations pouring over his skin, before he brings his hands up to grip in the shirt Hannibal still wears and pull him closer. Hannibal drops his free hand to the bed to keep himself balanced and watches, takes in every motion and tic of Will's face, every parting of lips, every bare brush of tongue against them.

Will's skin flushes, now, darker, and he makes a weak little noise entirely inverse to how hard he's gripping Hannibal, controlling his speed, blatantly, with his hold on the shirt. Hannibal rubs his thumb in a gentle circle over the base of Will's cock and he bends near-backwards at the sensation, breath stuttering out of him, sounds barely voiced following.

Will writhes, twists, grips harder before his hands slacken, just enough for him to let go, the fabric bunched and mashed between his fingers - something that draws unmistakable pleasure in his grin - to slip his hands, instead, under Hannibal's arms and up over his shoulders.

"Harder," it's breathed, the demand rough before Hannibal's compliance pulls all coherency from Will, and sets him to quick breathing and moans instead - shallow thrusts, another gentle circling of Hannibal's thumb against him.

Will is entirely open, here, entirely owned as he is when he wears the collar - now bitten into him by Hannibal, the bruises covering a jagged line from where his shoulder meets his neck to his collarbone - and he gives Hannibal everything. His sounds that flicker between high, sweet moans and breathless hitched sobs, his clawing hands that gentle immediately, brushing over the red marks he'd made, his body, tight around him, hot, willing…

"Oh, god, harder…" it's a flurry of words, breathless and hot against Hannibal's skin before, against the harshness and the struggle and the mutual fight between them, Will presses his lips to Hannibal's jaw in a genuine, soft kiss.

In all the ferocity that this encompasses, Hannibal turns into the kiss as a snapping dog might, but instead his mouth is yielding and soft where it meets Will's and finds the same, though somewhere in his chest there is a groan that's half growl as his pace doesn't stutter so much as changes, alters rhythm.

It slides down into desperation, and Hannibal gives up on holding either of them back, fisting Will's cock in his grip, and if they weren't both going to be sore tomorrow already, this would be the end of it.

They devour the noises of each other's pleasure, their throats vibrating with a sound that could not wholly be said to come from either of them and the kiss lasts until they are gasping

with it, until both tip over - Hannibal clutching the sheets and Will's spurting cock, and Will's nails set in his shoulders until they lose track of each other.

Hannibal recovers himself quickly, moving to soothe with his mouth instead, groaning in his chest at the soreness that is likely already besetting his muscles, but he does not abate, instead, working a cum-slicked hand over Will's sensitive cock again, slow but in a manner that will not be refused.

Will hisses, groans and tries to shift away, hands up to push against Hannibal's shoulders but not enough strength to get him far. He settles back against the bed again, instead, with another stuttered noise of pleasure and presses a hand against his eyes.

"Fuck," It's hoarse, his voice, from the sounds his pleasure had pulled from him, and Will finds that he's smiling again. That his body shakes briefly with a laugh he can't control and above him, Hannibal is just watching, expression soft but impossible to read.

Will licks his lips, makes another sound between need and pain, and slips his hands from around Hannibal's shoulders to stretch them up over his head.

Hannibal keeps the touch gentle, insistent, and it is an aching thing and slow but Will's body responds - it has been conditioned, in a way, and Hannibal knows it well.

This he watches on Will's features, the way it grows in a duality of sensation - a feeling of too much, a low pain that suggests he can't, his body won't... but at the same time, beneath, the feeling that it is going to anyway, as irresistibly as the tide.

Hannibal smiles then, even as Will gasps. His very voice is raw in his throat, well used and perhaps beyond, his body feels stretched and twisted, he feels wrung out, and yet here is Hannibal coaxing the last from him, driving him toward it again.

His mouth feels dry and he wets it, then Hannibal turns his chin with a free hand for another kiss, this time slower, softer, a tired thing that does not mean any less between them, somehow.

Will closes his eyes to it and moans against him, hands turning to curl in the sheets but not moving to touch, rolling hips up in slow but demanding undulations to feel more. It's a dizzying sort of pleasure-pain that hits Will when he cums, and he grits his teeth to bear it, pulls away and turns his head to pant against the sheets, jaw releasing upon relief, lips slack and red.

"Shit." he licks his lips and turns his head back, watching Hannibal, the man he had once conquered, had once hoped to own, the man who now owns him, his entire being, his body and will and choices.

Will blinks sleepily and groans as he arches his back in a stretch.

“Mmm thank you,” he says, smiling, eyes down to Hannibal’s lips before returning to his eyes, “For the opera.”

Hannibal’s thumb slides over Will’s cheek, over the arch of cheekbone just below his eye, and answers his smile. “It was worth seeing.”

The opera, or Will’s gratitude, he leaves unspecific, merely settling behind him to pull Will close, letting them ease together beneath only the sheets in allowance for the heat the morning will bring.

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Will dreams in sounds, and wakes with the half formed memory of strident latin in his ears, slowly. His eyes open to find the golden light of morning, and he groans just a little - the ache in his head is not splitting, but thirsty. His own limbs are heavy, entangled lazily with Hannibal’s, and he forgoes leaving bed for the sight of Hannibal - his Master - sprawled languid and at peace.

He has not allowed himself the indulgence of a late morning in some time, and even in sleep his features had sometimes remained stern. Now they are eased, the tension carried through his muscles slack, and Will reaches.

Every muscle in him speaks of the soreness exertion brings, and his reach turns to a stretch, to loosen everything that has locked, and Hannibal’s hands tighten at his middle at the apex of it, when Will’s back becomes a taut, drawn bow despite all of its protests, and he finds himself pulled flush against Hannibal’s front.

His eyes are open, but relaxed, easy, barely awake. His mouth finds the marks he’d left on Will’s neck the night before, and eases them slowly.

“Good morning,” Will offers, lowering his hands to Hannibal’s hair, sorting it back into some semblance of it’s usual perfection.

He gets a hum in reply, smooth and warm and deep in Hannibal’s chest as the other just pulls him closer and Will has to smile. He’s sore, sleepy and too hot, sharing heat under the blankets, as they so rarely do.

He swallows, ducks his head to press his lips to Hannibal’s forehead, to nuzzle his temple with the tip of his nose, to drag it down until he’s resting curled against the older man, cheek to cheek, content to just keep sleeping.

It’s very early morning, and Will knows that he should enjoy his freedom, take utter advantage, to see the city, to experience it without the collar choking him back to the front door and the man holding its invisible leash. Yet all he wants to do is sleep until he can’t keep his eyes closed anymore, and then be reminded why he’s so tired.

Perhaps the collar has only ever been a symbol of what he was already embracing. The thought would have been one he railed against, not so long ago. Now, it passes through him as easily as his next deep breath, the summer air sweet, if hot.

For a time he drowses, aware of the heat, of the slow ease of Hannibal's breathing and his own, and then the strong hands at his lower back flex, the fingers ease against skin, and Hannibal soothes some of the ache in Will's muscles with massage, just above Will's tailbone, teasing, alluring.

"How do you feel?" Hannibal asks, the tone of his voice amused - he expects an honest answer, knows the cause of Will's ails and aches, and supposes them a badge to be worn. A request fulfilled, at least in part.

Will remembers his own words and sighs out, his body feeling the right shade of abused, and knows he will live to own them. The thought should not excite him.

He hums, bends his back more and presses close himself, shifting enough for Hannibal to rest on his back so he can slide a leg slowly over his thighs and straddle him, the stretch in his muscles just the painful side of comfortable.

"Fucked." he replies, and his smile is the ghost of that same teasing thing that had tormented Hannibal the night before, in the cab, in the lift, backing slowly into the room until that control was taken from him and Will had turned that power on its head.

"Well enough." he adds, bending his elbows to arch his back in another cat-stretch, sliding the heels of his hands over the sheets to curl over Hannibal's head, forehead resting on his before he parts his lips to kiss him again, hips up under the light sheet, comfortable against him.

"How do you feel?" he murmurs back, goading.

Hands slide along Will's back, defining the curve presented - pleasing, if the expression on Hannibal's face is any gauge - with his fingertips.

"I won't forget last night any time soon," Hannibal allows, following the curve of Will's back over the swell of his ass, down his thigh, and then back up the sensitive skin of the inside, fingers seeking a different soreness of Will's, teasing very lightly against him.

Will cannot help but to shift, feeling every sensation between pain and pleasure on the spectrum, even at so gentle a teasing, his hips rocking over Hannibal's to find the sweeter spots instinctively, to guide Hannibal's fingers against them and gain himself some friction against the man's belly.

"Should I remind you of your request?" Hannibal asks, though it is more rhetorically - he is already doing so. "Or ask instead if you wish to amend it?"

Will groans quietly, rocks back a little further.

“I remember it.” is all he says, smile still languid, fingers just barely brushing Hannibal’s hair where they rest.

It’s still unusual, still warm and he wonders if perhaps they’re both still drunk, on the wine, the music, each other. It’s comfortable. A sweet, promising thing.

“I do so much to fulfill your expectations, won’t you fulfill mine?” he purrs, teasing, very pleased with himself that he can still draw such hunger from the man, that he can draw such enjoyment from it for himself. A different kind of control and just as intoxicating.

He presses his lips against Hannibal’s neck and moans, a low, pleased noise, slides his knees a little further apart. And something strikes in him that makes him grin, delighted, as he shifts to brush his lips against Hannibal’s ear.

“Master,” he sighs, “Won’t you fuck me?”

He can feel the result of his words in the instant he speaks them, in the stirring flesh against his own belly, and he rocks himself to encourage it, to feel Hannibal grow harder against his skin without the aid of anything more than his words and the promise living in them.

The taste of power - real power, not the scaffolding he had erected when he had still been his own, the forcible, intangible binding that had scattered like spider silk when Hannibal had done with it - is petal soft and sweet in his mouth. The feeling against his tongue turns the corners of his lips up, and he hides the victorious smirk by arching his body, tipping his chin back and lifting himself through his shoulders.

Will thinks, if he is very careful, he can hold this power - it is not so precarious as that built on the simple use of each other. This is reality - faith in each other, intimate knowledge, fingers slid into weaknesses - and here he groans, pausing his thoughts as Hannibal’s teasing against him grows more insistent, finds where he is most sore and pushes until the electric current of adrenaline begins to flow. These small things, stacked together, adding up - that is Will’s power, and Hannibal’s.

The realization that they both share a hand in it is a quiet thing in Will’s mind but honey sweet and thick in his throat - they share the power, taking and giving. Bestowing and witholding.

Will runs his hands through the sheets, seeking, and he comes up with the bottle of oil Hannibal had discarded sometime the evening before, lifting himself from the touch, up onto his knees. He twists his body, works open the cap, and drips the oil in slow, deliberate care onto Hannibal’s hand, turning back while the line still runs from the bottle to watch his Master’s dark eyes grow darker, unable to hide their dilation in the early morning light, which shows them brown instead of black.

He tilts the bottle up, caps it without looking and tosses it away just as casually. A careful shift, just knees over the bed, enough to straddle higher just over Hannibal’s stomach, arch back in deliberate anticipation, goading. Will sets his hands, palms splayed, over his legs and draws his bottom lip between his teeth slowly when he feels Hannibal touch him again.

“It’s the very idea of my obedience, isn’t it?” he asks, voice soft, hips unmoving for the moment, taking - obediently - what he’s given. Hannibal doesn’t spare him his demands, two fingers spread him moments after the first slicks him up. Will gasps, his fingers curl over his thighs.

“It’s the thought that I won’t move -” another sound, barely voiced, as Hannibal pushes deeper, awakens the stretch from the night before in a sharp undercurrent of pain. “- until you say.”

He swallows, his knees shift barely wider.

“Or beg to be allowed to.”

Hannibal finds his prostate and rubs, as though justifying Will’s words with actions, and Will sucks his lip between his teeth again and closes his eyes. For a moment he just trembles, takes everything, feels it, before parting his lips, tongue toying against a canine tooth.

“Do you want me to beg?” he whispers, fingers drawing red marks over his skin until he folds them into fists.

Hannibal watches him, shifting beneath him just barely, keeping the pressure firm in place as he teases - less teasing than encouraging, Will supposes. There is a light of pride in Hannibal’s eyes, a red spark in the depths, woken by the gold light coming through them from the side, lighting even his difficult eyes to clarity.

“It’s almost enough,” Hannibal says, pausing, shifting angles. He runs his tongue along his own lower lip and it catches, dry from the night before, from how he breathes now through his teeth. “That you offer to of your own accord.”

Hannibal smiles, in a giving mood, a revealing one. A third finger stretches Will now. “It’s the idea that on my command, you hold yourself. I give the words to what you already want.”

Hannibal chuckles beneath him, spreading his fingers to stretch Will and further punctuate his point with pleasure and pain both. “And you do want it.”

A satisfied smile spreads in answer to Will’s gasp over Hannibal’s features, and he rocks his hips up just a little, a promise of what’s coming. “Beg for me.”

“Let me move,” It’s immediate, breathless, Will stays obediently still though the trembling in his limbs gives away just how much he wants to move without asking. “Please,”

Another gasp, a sound following after that speaks volumes of the need behind Will’s stoicism.

“Please,” he tries again, “I’ll bend, arch my back as you like, so you can stroke your fingers down my spine,” he last word is swallowed when Hannibal stretches him wider, and Will’s brows furrow in both pain and near-blinding need.

“Bend deep,” he gasps, “Rock back,” teeth worrying his lip again before they part, “Spread my legs for you to fuck me, and take it, take everything.”

His cock is hard again, curved up, the tip wet. Will's knuckles are white from how hard he's fisting his hands.

"Master," that word again, and Will has to stop as Hannibal curls his fingers with vicious precision against his prostate and renders Will almost entirely speechless as he sees white.

"Fuck, fuck!" tongue brief and wet, parting his lips, and Will ducks his head to watch Hannibal properly.

"Please, master, let me move…"

Hannibal holds him at the mercy of his silence for just a few seconds, gaze locked with Will's - and what a picture he must make - his own eyes nearly closed with ecstacy, veiled through his lashes. He can feel the flush on his skin, becomes aware of his open mouth, the soft shape of his parted lips, allowing air and low sounds to escape, now that he has ceased commanding them to form the words that seemed to so please Hannibal.

"You ask beautifully," Hannibal tells him, but it's not permission, not just yet, though Will sees that he wants to give it, that he wants to fold and let this happen. There is some difference in his composure now, than the abandonment of it last night, and in that he must play his game - just a little. Just enough.

He holds the command and cherishes it, cherishes the moments that Will suffers waiting for it, and then he relents.

"Move, then, William," Hannibal allows, and Will gasps in relief, in pleasure at the very permission of it, and he lifts himself from Hannibal's fingers, trusting him to guide his cock instead, but Will reaches back to be sure, wanting it - wanting it that fast if he can have it.

Both of their hands curl around Hannibal's length, then, and Will shifts down just a little, and then folds his knees again, ready for the sour sweet stretch this time, the pain just beneath the pleasure now, overtaken.

"It is just as satisfying to see you lose yourself at my command," Hannibal admits, letting Will do the bulk of the work as he had promised, but his hands settle at Will's hips to anchor them both, and he gives a lazy twist of his hips as Will seats himself. "When you are spread and bent, open, as you promise. Move, William."

Will groans, the color high in his cheeks, and laughs, a free, warm sound.

"You will have to work harder for me to lose myself at your command," he murmurs, adjusting for a moment, Hannibal's words still at the forefront of his mind, he has no desire to disobey them, "Or ask nicely."

When he moves, it's a slow slide, hands down against Hannibal's chest to lever his hips back, enough to draw a groan from them both, soft, a start to something much darker promised. Will's muscles scream, still tight and sore from the night before, from the struggle that was

anything but. He wonders if he can hone his muscles to grow used to the activity as his body has been conditioned to cum on command.

The idea of new lessons sends a shiver through him, his shoulders curling forward.

They way they're positioned offers very little for Will to fulfill his promise, but he doesn't stop moving, doesn't complain. Instead, he licks his lips, leans in briefly to tug Hannibal's bottom lip between his teeth before resting his hands back against the bed on either side of the man's knees and rolling his hip against him.

One way, then another, a relentlessly, deliberately cruel prostate massage that leaves Will shaking and harder against his stomach, soft sounds escaping him as he allows his body to move as it pleases; bends and shivers, turns, fingers tight against the sheets before moving up to grip Hannibal's hip, pushing himself up to feel the achingly slow stretch.

"May I cum?" he asks, smile suggesting he knows the answer, words more a soft goading before he sinks back down with a breathed curse and lifts himself again.

"You are getting audacious," Hannibal tells him, before he lifts himself just a little, shifting up from laying flat to lever his own hands onto the mattress behind him, so he can move his own hips into the motions, keeping the pace Will sets but lending to them, adding just a little extra motion and power.

There is a deliciousness in the undercurrent of aches that lends to this, without requiring the intensity of the previous evening. Instead this draws it out, wakes remembered touches like echoes in the skin.

"No," Hannibal tells him, but he curls his fist around Will's cock anyway, hard and begging for it as it is, even though Will himself is keeping his tone from becoming such. "Perhaps I'll refuse you entirely, today."

Will gasps, shudders, closes his eyes against the pleasure that rises in him like a wave. He swallows, forces it down, forces his mind away from the friction of the palm against him, from the fullness within him.

"Oh," it tilts like a question, but one ringed with worry rather than goading. He's so close already…

Will stretches, squeezes his muscles hard as he pushes himself up again and allows himself the victory of the groan he draws from Hannibal. It's a languid fucking, deep but slow, nothing like the hurried urgency of the night before, though he feels no less wanted for it.

"Could I beg you to change your mind?" he offers softly, his words caught by another sound as shivers run scattering over his skin from the sensation of everything. He wants faster, he wants brutal and sore, but the fear that Hannibal will live up to his word wants him to stop, wants to curl up and pretend that won't plague him all day.

Hannibal watches him, quiet, and then uncurls his fingers from Will's cock just long enough to reach up, to curl his fingers beneath Will's chin and draw him closer, so their mouths can

ease together - there is a reassurance in that kiss, in the way Hannibal's fingers curl and stroke beneath Will's chin.

"You have begged beautifully already," Hannibal tells him, when they part, and he smiles into the very small space between, the expression alive in his eyes. He meets Will's with an earnestness - a reminder that Will is what he has chosen, and that for all the times he may have been displeased, for all the care that has gone into his training, he would never will the boy broken on his behalf.

He lowers his hand again, curls it tight, and gives Will a long, slow stroke. "That deserves a reward."

Hannibal gathers his hands at the small of Will's back, then, and shifts them, reverses their position to settle Will against the mattress with one arm beneath him, the other still curled about his length, and he matches them into a long, slow pace of thrusts, deep and merciless, until Will is clawing his back, until he gives his need a voice, though it is wordless.

"Cum, William," Hannibal allows - and it is both an order and a permission, delivered breathless on the edge of his own release.

The response is immediate, being because he is already so close to release he was willing to face the wrath for disobedience, or because he's following his master's voice, Will is uncertain. But it overcomes him for a moment, utterly whites out his vision, hums in his ears, bends his back off the bed as his teeth grit and he whimpers.

There is something unbelievably arousing about knowing you can have such a hold on such a powerful, dangerous man. And Will does. He'd seen it the night before, in increments during other times… that his obedience, his compliance, his very being, is enough to pull Hannibal to him just as surely without a collar as he keeps him tethered with one.

He shudders, already tired, and forces his eyes open, up.

Hannibal's expression is rare and unguarded in the aftermath of his release, and Will has seen it - or parts of the expression before. Hannibal turns his affection and appreciation on fine wines, fine art, fine music - and here the expression is duplicated for the fine art of Will's body, the fine music of his compliance, the wine-sweet taste of his persuasive submission.

Then he blinks and it fades - it does not disappear, now that Will knows to look for it.

Hannibal kisses him, then, a slow touch of mouths that grows deeper, lasts longer than either had anticipated, and finally he draws back, stretching himself to ease some of the kinks and aches from his own muscles. He rises slowly, and writ clear in his expression is something between affection and amusement - the sort that would suggest 'what am I to do with you?'

With his fingers gentle against Will's hair, Hannibal seems to decide at last. "Come and bathe."

Will hums, turns into the soft touch without thinking too much on it, and nods. But he doesn't immediately rise, he waits, instead, for Hannibal to go first. Will stretches, toes pointed as he

tugs his muscles loose, then he twists, hears the soft click of the bones aligning, groans at the pleasure of it.

He notices that it's still fairly early morning, rests for a while just watching the city from the window, one hand fiddling with his hair, the other languid on his stomach. Behind him, he hears the water start to run in the bath, loud and promising of some pleasing heat against the sorer parts of his body.

He smiles, ducks his head against his arm, and forces the warm feeling of waking up in Hannibal's arms away. It's stupid, means nothing.

They are in Germany, this isn't their home.

Perhaps outside the threshold the rules mean nothing.

Will tries not to be disappointed by the thought. In fact, he tries to just not think, at all, about anything. It's sending his mind into a tailspin.

He pushes himself from bed and makes his way to the bathroom, perhaps playing up the difficulty he has walking, and stands in the doorway, just watching.

The tub is tall and deep, and steam rises from the surface of the water in promising whorls that disappear into the air, as Hannibal tends it. A smell that is sweet but not flowery fills the tiled room, elegant and white.

Hannibal glances back over his shoulder, and then lifts himself from the edge of the tub and into it, curling his fingers in a beckoning motion that calls Will to him. They find a way to fit - the tub is large and welcoming, the water a pleasing sting to Will's skin, though he hesitates with a jerk halfway into lowering himself.

Hannibal chuckles, and runs soothing, warm fingers up his spine.

"What has had you thinking so much?" he asks, genuinely curious, when Will has settled in. He lowers himself deep into the water, though it lifts the level threateningly, with both of them reclined they can soak to their very necks, easing out some of the aches.

He leans back against Hannibal's chest, and finds the other solid, hands settling around Will's middle beneath the water.

"The music has yet to leave me." he says, not fully a lie, with the way his heart still feels the rhythm and pounds to it, with the way he had come entirely alive at the performance, knowing that at his shoulder, as put together outwardly as the man appeared, Hannibal was similarly affected.

"I've missed being in a city," he adds, also not a lie. There is a soft longing there but nothing that pulls at Will's heart. He sighs, brings a hand up from under the water to drip drops from his fingers against the surface.

He doesn’t want to say more, doesn’t feel it would bring anything to the surface but tension, would resolve nothing and leave him humiliated in a place he can’t escape.

He licks his lips, shifts, a comfortable recline and a genuine pleasure to be this close to Hannibal, to feel his hands against him.

“Perhaps I shall have to put a lot of thought into walking for a few days, keep all implications behind doors where they belong.” there’s amusement in his tone. They have another day in Germany.

Hannibal answers with a chuckle, and then it eases to a sigh as he leans back against the rim of the tub, allowing a silence to settle between them that does not feel heavy or hesitant.

“The cities are no longer as safe as they have once been,” Hannibal confesses, and when Will glances back, the man’s eyes are closed, his head tilted back to lean against the edge with his chin lifted. “Where once they were havens, now I fear they will become targets.”

He draws a deep breath, letting it out. “Remember what you see when you walk the streets today, the world has learned much of how to make enemies within itself this century. I fear what’s coming will change the face of it again.”

Absently, Hannibal’s fingers stir the water, creating ripples that move against Will’s skin. There is another long moment of silence, the water stirred in Hannibal’s strong fingers, before they settle against Will’s stomach again, the touch muted by the water.

“Would you go back, if I allowed it?” Hannibal asks after a moment, and Will sees that his eyes have come open again - just a little, but the light reveals his trick of looking through the lashes, finding the shining depths of his eyes to show the pinpoint of reflection.

Will blinks, the words taking a moment to make sense in his mind. Go back?

He thinks that he should jump at the idea, turn in Hannibal’s hands and beg with every word he knows. Offer anything and more for the chance. Freedom. Quiet.

No more commands, punishment, rules.

Just like before.

He wonders if he had always been aware of his loneliness at that time, how he had so desperately sought drink and drugs and company to feel even a little of the comfort he feels waking even in his own bed in the house in France.

"What would I go back to?" He asks him honestly, settles one hand over Hannibal’s.

Hannibal makes a low sound, allowing Will’s point. He had torn down the empire Will’s father had built on illegal grounds, pressing others into the dirt to rise up. He had taken much from Will, but he had given him some in return, too.

“Safety, perhaps,” Hannibal suggests, but from his tone, Will thinks he knows better. He lets the matter lie, and leans forward at last to press his mouth, open, on the back of Will’s neck.

His next words are those of optimism, as Hannibal recovers the soap, pushing Will forward so that he can tend Will's back with gentle touches, save where stickiness lingers tough on his skin - in these places, Hannibal scrubs, and Will arches into it.

"If you are very good," Hannibal begins, his voice slightly distant in the division of his concentration. "I will sponsor a box in the Toulon Opera this coming season. I find my taste rekindled."

Will hums, pleased, lip between his teeth, and sets his hands on either side of the tub before bending his shoulders up into the touches.

"If I am very good," he repeats, tastes the words, wonders what deeper connotations they could have beyond just this. He's overcome, for a moment, with that odd longing he'd felt in the other room and again swallows it down.

"And how can I be very good?" He asks, partially teasing, partially honest in his inquiry.

"As much as I appreciate your obedience," Hannibal tells him, and his fingers find places on Will's neck to rub, easing the ache of his muscles, and then to his hair, trailing wetness into the curls.

"And your efforts to please me, usually successful," he continues, before cupping water into his hands and wetting Will's hair more thoroughly, then curling his hands beneath Will's chin and pulling him back and down, as if in baptism. "I find both behaviors are far more inspired when you are content."

He presses his mouth against Will's forehead, heedless of the awkward angle, and lifts him again from the water, reaching for the shampoo to see to him.

"Be content," Hannibal suggests. "And if you are not, ask for what you need. You may pay for your requests, but never cruelly, I promise."

Will hums, eyes closed as he feels gentle fingers against his scalp, smells the warm, fruity shampoo that feels oddly right here, in this hotel in a city not their own. It's back to being comfortable, back to that strange truce they seemed to have decided on here.

Will lets the ministrations happen, the meticulous cleaning and touching and recovering after just as equally a meticulous an undoing.

"I… like pleasing you." he admits carefully, his head ducked back again as Hannibal rinses the soap from Will's hair. For a while longer he says nothing, until the floating strands are released, now heavy and not as curled with the water, and Will instead turns to rest on his stomach, brings up an arm to lie across Hannibal's collarbone and puts his chin on top of that.

"Would you consider any request too brash and too bold?" he asks, once more genuinely curious before he tries to use his words properly, ask for what he wants and see if the price for it is bearable and worth the potential suffering.

Hannibal does not answer the question out of hand, rather he takes the flavor of it into his mouth and considers the whole of it, letting it lay heavy on his tongue. Will watches him consider, his eyes measuring Will, and then a thought occurs and he quirks a smile.

Will has already given him the reassurance that even were he offered freedom, he would not take it and run, and what is left is for them to make it work another way. The way it is already working, perhaps, or more. Hannibal knows that no solidity will be found without some compromise, and they have come beyond the simplicity that the foundation of this relationship had required.

The net no longer confines William, and he no longer twists in it. Hannibal has cast it expertly, and even when he twists it tighter, all Will wants to do is lean into it. He has learned to change the dynamics of power from within, and for that Hannibal is proud of him, pleased with him rather than angry.

Hannibal comes to an answer at last, with a slow smile, his hands settling with fingers spread over Will's shoulders.

"I grant you amnesty to ask what you will, between now and our departure, with no fear of reprisal, though I retain my right to refuse," he allows, benevolent. "Make use of it."

Will smiles, considers something utterly irrational simply to test Hannibal's resolve on his words. But he doesn't, something about the offer is too deeply seeded in something like affection to make a joke of. Instead, Will just closes his eyes and rests, allows the warm water to soak his muscles, to keep his body supported, buoyant, in the water.

"Let me go out with you more." he says softly, at last, "Not to work just… out. Take me with you when you see the opera. When you listen to a concert. When you stroll through the country just watching stars."

He sighs and turns a soft smile to Hannibal, chin against his arm again.

"Let me share your bed at night."

Hannibal considers both requests - reasonable, attainable, inexpensive... and yet they are a demand for something that has not yet come between them, a normalization of what they are into something less formal. It is, in that way, daunting.

Will watches the consideration on his features, and leans down to press his mouth against Hannibal's chest, leading him to the idea of where they are now, what situation they are in already, how much they have shared without things falling apart.

Though their balance is delicate, carefully arrayed, perhaps this might settle it just a little more firmly along the beam they walked.

"My bed is yours to share whenever you wish," Hannibal tells him, and perhaps it has been that way for far longer than either had thought, but he gives voice to the permission. "And my company, when you desire it. There are times I may ask you to stay, but never when you would enjoy yourself."

His hands ease over Will's shoulders then, gently, and then he smiles, amused, as much at both of them. He cannot help but add, Will thinks, to keep some semblance of order, "Do not let the privilege go to your head."

Will smiles, bright, warm, and shakes his head.

"I have absolute faith," he says, "That you will put me in my place, were it to."

Then he settles, a little lower over Hannibal's chest for the water to cover them both, and lets his eyes close.

Owned.

He supposes he can allow himself to be owned.

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